

SPOTLIGHT

IDW  
CVR A

ROBERTS  
PADILLA  
LAFUENTE

THE TRANSFORMERS  
FORGERS



HOIST



SPOTLIGHT

IDW

CVR B

ROBERTS  
PADILLA  
LAFUENTE

THE TRANSFORMERS  
FORMERS

HOIST

*David Padilla*



# THE TRANSFORMERS

## STORY SO FAR:

When the starship Lost Light left Cybertron to search for the legendary Knights of Cybertron, Hoist was part of the crew... but he may have found something he wasn't counting on...

*(Editor's note: This story takes place between Transformers: More Than Meets the Eye #5 and 6)*

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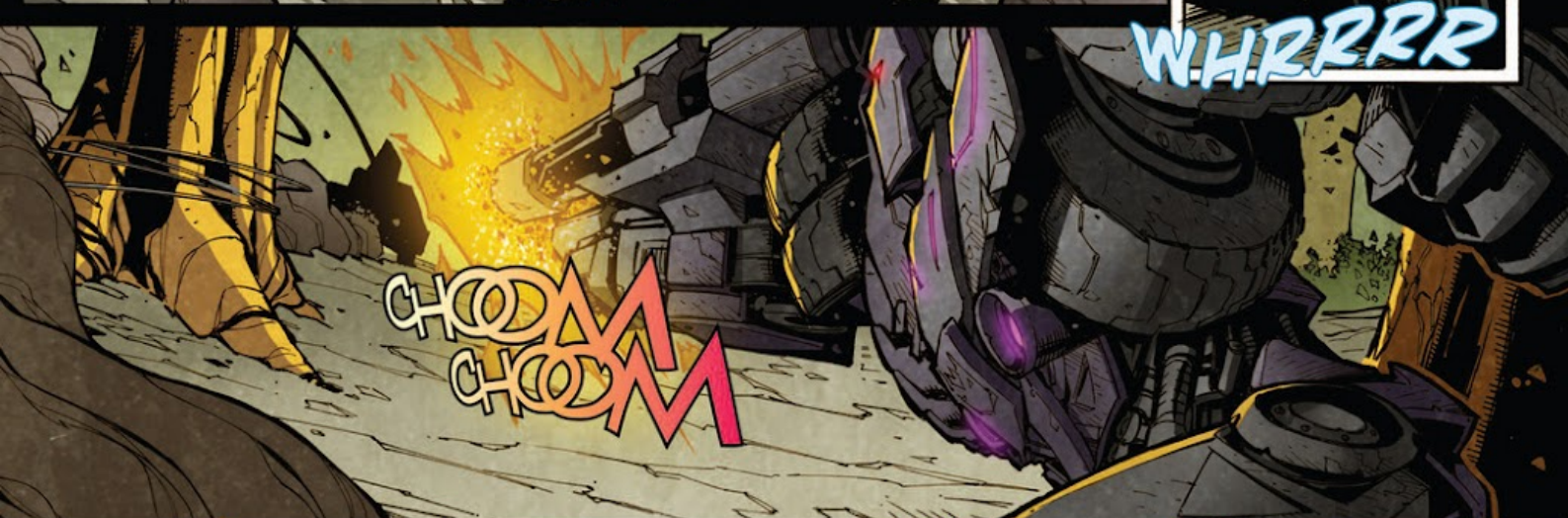


THE PLANET  
DEIMUS.

# THE WAITING GAME















HI, *HOIST*!  
FIND ANYTHING  
WORTH—

NOT  
NOW!

NICE. I  
WONDER WHAT  
CRAWLED UP *HIS*  
EXHAUST?

HE'S EITHER  
BEING *CHASED*  
OR HE FINDS  
YOUR VOICE  
*INTENSELY*  
IRRITATING.

YEAH, CHEERS  
FOR THAT,  
*SUNSTREAKER*.  
I LOVE YOU  
TOO.

INITIATING  
*CLOAKING*  
PROCEDURES!



HE'S BEING  
CHASED.

BUT YOUR  
VOICE *IS*  
IRRITATING.





SEE THAT,  
*SWERVE?*  
THAT THING  
THERE?

THE  
SCANNER  
SCOPE?

DO NOT  
TRUST THE  
SCANNER SCOPE.  
THE SCANNER  
SCOPE *LIES*.

DON'T TELL  
ME: IT SAID  
THERE WERE NO  
LIFE SIGNS OUT  
THERE AND—

AND I FIND  
THE *WORST*  
LIFE SIGN OF  
ALL: *TARN*.

WHOA.  
STOP. WAIT.  
REWIND.

TARN  
"LEADER OF THE  
DECEPTICON  
JUSTICE DIVISION"  
TARN?

KNOWN TO HIS  
FRIENDS AS "*TARN  
THE UNSTOPPABLE  
KILLING MACHINE*"?

TARN'S *HERE?!  
ON THIS  
PLANET?!*

ON THE  
SAME ACTUAL  
PLANET *WE'RE*  
ON?!

BUT—

HE—

I—

WE—

IGNORE  
HIM AND TELL  
ME WHAT  
HAPPENED.

I WAS  
SCOPING  
OUT THE AREA  
AND HE JUST...  
*APPEARED!*

BUT IT'S  
OKAY, I'VE CLOAKED  
US. I PRESSED THE—  
WHATEVER IT IS. THE  
CLOAKING BUTTON.  
WE'RE *INVISIBLE*.

YEAH, 'TIL WE  
USE UP THE SHIP'S  
ENERGY RESERVES  
AND BECOME  
*VISIBLE* AGAIN!

WHICH IN *THIS*  
CONTEXT IS THE SAME AS  
WAVING A BIG RED FLAG AND  
SINGING ALL TEN VERSES OF,  
"*HERE WE ARE BADGE  
FACE, WHY NOT COME  
AND MURDER US  
TO DEATH.*"

SO HOW  
LONG D'YOU  
THINK WE'VE  
GOT?



SIX HOURS UNTIL FULL VISIBILITY.

NOW, I'M NOT ONE TO APPORTION BLAME, BUT SUNSTREAKER? THIS IS PHENOMENALLY YOUR FAULT.

THERE WE WERE ON THE *LOST LIGHT*, ALL SET FOR A QUIET TRIP TO A *DESERTED DECEPTICON OUTPOST*—Y'KNOW, MAYBE FIND SOME *LEFTOVER ENERGON*—AND THEN YOU ROCK UP: THE VAINEST AUTOBOT SINCE RECORDS BEGAN.

"OH, I'LL COME ALONG! I'LL PILOT THE SHUTTLE!"

I DIDN'T—

HALF AN HOUR LATER: CRASH!

LOOK, I HAPPEN TO BE A *PRETTY AMAZING PILOT*. IN THIS INSTANCE, AS WE WERE COMING IN TO LAND, SOMETHING ON THE *RADAR SCREEN* CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD.

YOU WERE DISTRACTED BY YOUR OWN REFLECTION!

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE...

...AT LEAST THE FALLOUT FROM THE HEAT COILS DIDN'T MELT YOU INTO THE CEILING.

TECHNICALLY, *PERCEPTOR*, SINCE THE SHUTTLE'S UPSIDE-DOWN, THAT'S THE FLOOR.

DID YOU JUST *CORRECT* THE SMARTEST AUTOBOT OF ALL TIME?

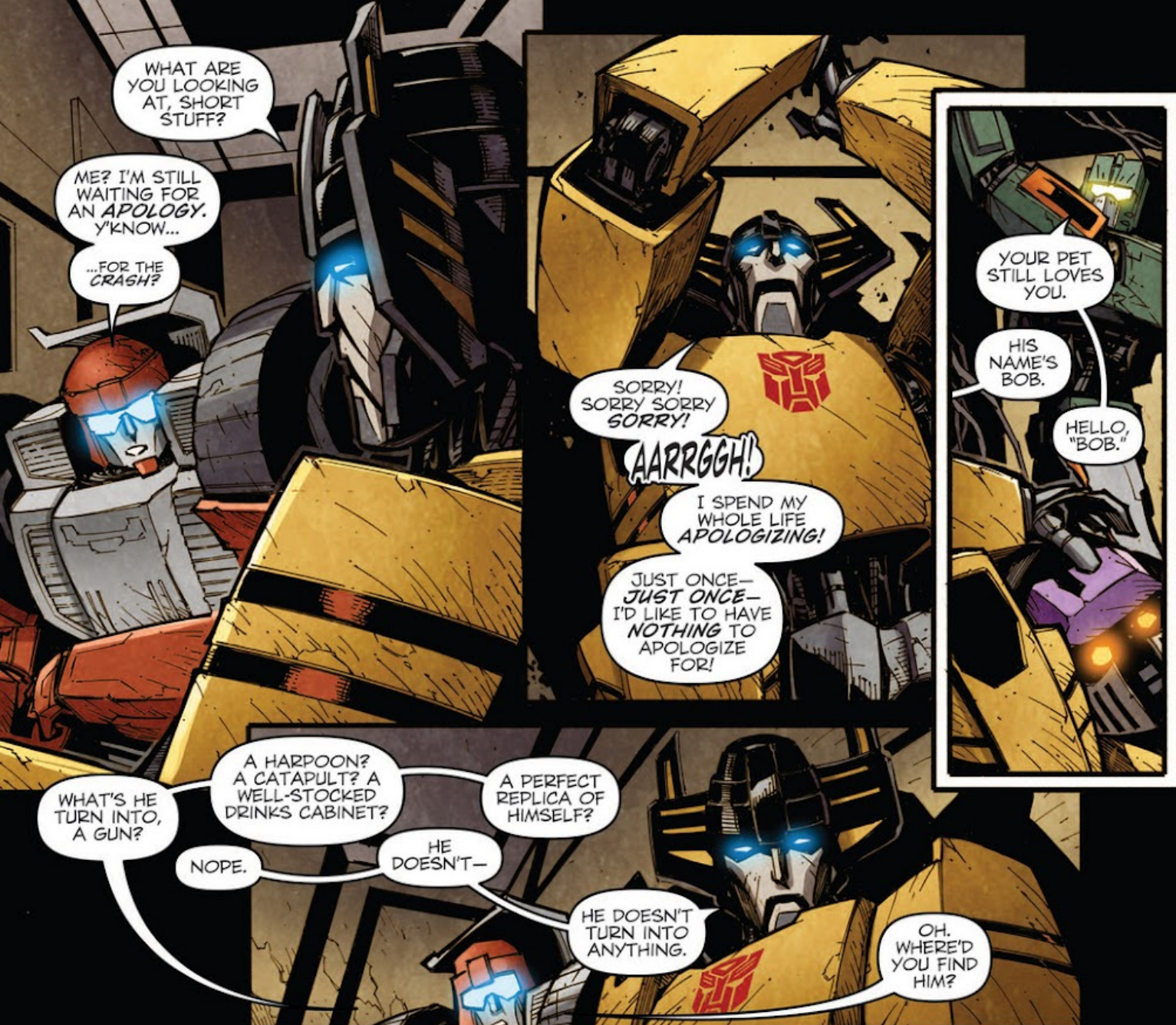
YEP, AN' HE *HATES* IT. LOOK—HE'S *IGNORING* ME NOW.

ANY LUCK CONTACTING THE *LOST LIGHT*, HOIST?

THEY'RE NOT ANSWERING. I'LL KEEP TRYING, BUT—THEY'LL COME. THEY'LL RESCUE US.

I HOPE SO. BECAUSE AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, THAT'S THE ONLY WAY WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE.





WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, SHORT STUFF?

ME? I'M STILL WAITING FOR AN APOLOGY. Y'KNOW...

...FOR THE CRASH?

SORRY!  
SORRY SORRY  
SORRY!

AARRGGH!

I SPEND MY WHOLE LIFE APOLOGIZING!

JUST ONCE—  
JUST ONCE—  
I'D LIKE TO HAVE  
NOTHING TO  
APOLOGIZE  
FOR!

YOUR PET  
STILL LOVES  
YOU.

HIS  
NAME'S  
BOB.

HELLO,  
"BOB."

WHAT'S HE  
TURN INTO,  
A GUN?

A HARPOON?  
A CATAPULT? A  
WELL-STOCKED  
DRINKS CABINET?

NOPE.

A PERFECT  
REPLICA OF  
HIMSELF?

HE  
DOESN'T—

HE DOESN'T  
TURN INTO  
ANYTHING.

OH,  
WHERE'D  
YOU FIND  
HIM?

"CYBERTRON. HE WAS PART OF AN INSECTICON SWARM. METROPLEX WIPED MOST OF THEM OUT. I THINK POOR BOB WAS TRAUMATIZED."

HE'S VERY  
SMART AND  
RESOURCEFUL,  
AREN'T YOU  
BOB?

YOU'LL BITE  
THE NASTY TARN  
IF HE COMES  
NEAR, WON'T  
YOU?

"I SUPPOSE WE FOUND EACH OTHER, REALLY. WE'D BOTH GONE ASTRAY—BOTH GONE THROUGH SOME TOUGH TIMES. WE'RE KINDRED SPIRITS."



ARE YOU  
KIDDING?!  
TARN WILL EAT  
HIM ALIVE!

I'VE SEEN THIS  
GUY IN ACTION!  
HIM AND THE REST  
OF THE D.J.D.! IT  
WAS LIKE—

IT WAS THE  
WORST THING  
I HAVE EVER  
SEEN. AND I'VE  
WATCHED GRIMLOCK  
SLUICE OUT HIS  
WASTE PIPE.

WELL, IT  
MUST'VE BEEN  
BAD IF *YOU*  
WERE FREAKED  
OUT.

I MEAN,  
WHAT WITH  
YOU BEING SO  
INCREDIBLY  
**BRAVE** AND  
EVERYTHING.

**SWERVE**  
IDOL OF MILLIONS

EXACTLY.  
IT'S NOT  
LIKE I—

—HEY! I **AM**  
BRAVE! WHO  
SAID I WASN'T  
BRAVE?

THE 200  
AUTOBOTS ON  
THE *LOST LIGHT* WHO  
VOTED YOU *SHIP'S*  
**COWARD**. YOU WERE  
TOO SCARED TO  
ATTEND THE AWARD  
CEREMONY,  
REMEMBER?

HAR HAR.  
FOR YOUR  
INFORMATION,  
APART FROM  
TARN AND THE  
D.J.D., I'M  
SCARED OF—

(ONE, TWO,  
THREE,  
FOUR...)

**FIVE**  
THINGS IN  
THIS LIFE:

**ONE,**  
MEGATRON.

(OBSVIOUSLY.)

**TWO,**  
OVERLORD.

**THREE,**  
SIXSHOT.

**FOUR,**  
SHOCKWAVE.

AND  
**FIVE,** SOME  
NIGHTMARE  
COMBINATION  
OF MEGATRON,  
OVERLORD,  
SIXSHOT AND  
SHOCKWAVE.

THEY CAN'T  
COMBINE...!

MATTER  
OF TIME.

DECEPTICONS  
ARE **OBSESSED** WITH  
COMBINING. PUT TWO OF  
'EM IN A ROOM AND WITHIN  
SECONDS ONE WILL BE  
STANDING ON THE  
OTHER'S SHOULDERS.  
**FACT.**



**TWO HOURS UNTIL  
FULL VISIBILITY.**

JUST—  
—STOP—  
—TALKING!

I'VE HARDLY  
SAID A WORD! I'VE  
BEEN LISTENING TO  
HOIST TELL US ABOUT  
BLURR WINNING  
THE IBEX CUP!

WHAT?!  
THAT WASN'T  
HOIST, THAT  
WAS YOU!

WAS  
IT?

I WOULDN'T MIND  
ALL THE CHATTER,  
BUT HALF THE TIME IT'S  
DIG, DIG, DIG, HAVE A GO  
AT SUNSTREAKER. WHY  
NOT PICK ON—ON HOIST  
FOR A CHANGE?!

HOIST?  
NAH.

WHY? WHY  
NOT?

LOOK AT  
THE GUY! I'VE  
GOT NOTHING  
TO WORK  
WITH!

IF SOMEONE  
SAID TO ME,  
"THAT HOIST,  
WHAT'S HE LIKE?"  
I'D SAY, "HE'S  
GREEN."

AND IF  
THEY SAID, "NO,  
BUT WHAT'S HE  
REALLY LIKE?" I'D  
SAY, "HE'S GREEN  
AND HE'S GOT A  
TOW LINE."

I'M RIGHT  
HERE, YOU  
KNOW!

NO OFFENSE,  
HOIST.

OFFENSE  
TAKEN! OFFENSE  
MASSIVELY TAKEN!

YOU KNOW  
WHY YOU CAN'T  
GET A HANDLE ON  
ME? BECAUSE I'M  
AN ORDINARY  
PERSON. I'M  
NORMAL.

I'M JUST  
A MID-RANKING  
MAINTENANCE  
ENGINEER WHO TAKES  
EACH DAY AS IT COMES.  
I'M NOT PARTICULARLY  
CHATTY, HANDSOME,  
OR CLEVER, BUT YOU  
KNOW WHAT? I GET  
BY. I *MANAGE*.

SO DON'T  
DISMISS ME JUST  
BECAUSE—UNLIKE  
ALL YOUR PALS ON  
THE LOST LIGHT—MY  
PERSONALITY ISN'T  
THE PRODUCT OF  
A CRIPPLING  
PSYCHOLOGICAL  
DISORDER.

...  
YOU ARE  
GREEN,  
THOUGH.



ONE HOUR UNTIL  
FULL VISIBILITY.

I'M JUST SAYING I'VE BEEN IN TIGHTER SPOTS THAN THIS, THAT'S ALL. I REMEMBER ONCE I WAS **BLOWN TO PIECES**—I ENDED UP AT THE BOTTOM OF **JUDA'S BRIDGE** BACK ON CYBERTRON. I WAS PRESUMED DEAD!

YEAH, I CAN IMAGINE THE SCENE...

HEY, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SUNST—

DEAD, PRESUMABLY.

OKAY, MOVING ON...

SWERVE, THE DAY YOU DIE, YOUR **MOUTH** WILL CARRY ON. THEY'LL HAVE TO FIRE IT INTO SPACE TO GET SOME PEACE.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, HOIST? ANY **NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCES** THAT'LL HELP PUT OUR CURRENT PREDICAMENT INTO PERSPECTIVE?

UM... NONE THAT I PARTICULARLY WANT TO TALK ABOUT.

HEY, NO WORRIES. YOU WANT TO KEEP STUFF TO YOURSELF, THAT'S FINE.

THANK YOU, SWERVE. I APPRECIATE THAT.

URGE TO  
SPEAK: 96%...

97%...

98%...

99%...





100%

SO WHAT  
HAPPENED?

FOR THE  
LOVE OF—

—LOOK, IF I  
TELL YOU, DO  
YOU PROMISE TO  
KEEP QUIET FOR  
FIVE MINUTES?

NO, BUT FOR  
THE PURPOSES OF  
THIS CONVERSATION  
LET'S SAY **YES**.



OKAY, SO  
PRETEND THIS  
IS A **COMMUTER  
SHIP**, RIGHT?  
KALIS TO IBEX  
AND BACK AGAIN,  
EVERY SIX  
HOURS.

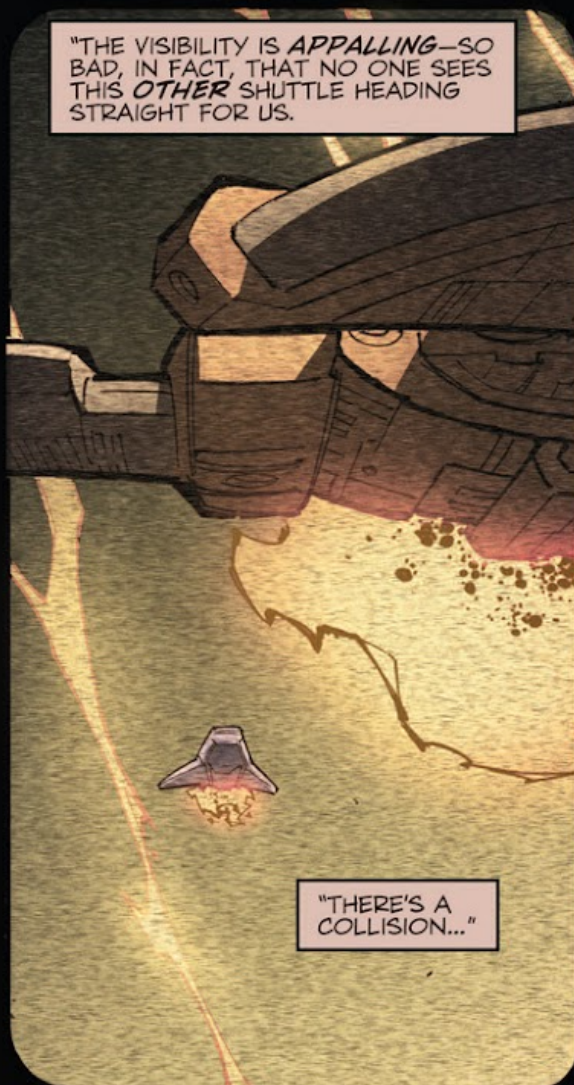


"FOUR MILLION YEARS  
AGO, AND I'M ON THIS  
SHIP. ME AND 26 OTHERS.

"I NEVER KNEW THEIR NAMES.  
TRAVELLED WITH THEM  
THOUSANDS OF TIMES. NEVER  
KNEW THEIR NAMES.

"IT'S SUNRISE—NOT THAT YOU'D  
KNOW IT—AND WE'RE FLYING  
OVER THE **RUST SPOT**. WE  
**SHOULDN'T** BE—THE STORMS  
MAKE IT ONE OF THE MOST  
DANGEROUS REGIONS OF  
CYBERTRON—BUT OUR NEW  
PILOT THINKS HE'S SOMETHING  
SPECIAL. THINKS HE CAN SHAVE  
AN HOUR OFF THE JOURNEY.

"ONE. HOUR."



"THE VISIBILITY IS **APPALLING**—SO  
BAD, IN FACT, THAT NO ONE SEES  
THIS **OTHER** SHUTTLE HEADING  
STRAIGHT FOR US.

"THERE'S A  
COLLISION..."



...AND ONE  
SHIP GOES  
DOWN.

KISH



"I WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

"AT FIRST I STAYED AT  
THE CRASH SITE, WAITING  
FOR SOMEONE TO COME  
LOOKING FOR ME. MAYBE  
THEY DID. BUT GIVEN THE  
SIZE OF RUST SPOT—THE  
STORMS—WHO KNOWS?"



"IN THE END I STARTED WALKING—JUST LOOKING FOR A WAY OUT, Y'KNOW?"

"I WALKED UNTIL MY SERVOS SEIZED UP, AND THEN I JUST... SAT."

"AND I CAN'T TELL YOU EXACTLY WHEN, BUT THERE CAME A POINT WHEN I WAS CERTAIN—ABSOLUTELY **CONVINCED**—THAT I WOULD NEVER BE FOUND. THAT I WOULD DIE **ALONE**, IN UTTER ISOLATION, WITHOUT EVER SEEING ANOTHER CYBERTRONIAN FACE."

CRUIKEY.

WISH I HADN'T ASKED NOW.

SORRY, SWERVE—I NEARLY HIT YOU. LET ME JUST—

OH MY—!

WHAT IS THAT?

YOU'RE **LEAKING!** BADLY!

IT'S NOTHING.

IT'S **NOT** NOTHING! IT'S—YOU'VE SUFFERED **SEVERE** ENERGON LOSS. AND YOU **KNEW!**

ALL THAT **TALKING**—ALL THAT **NONSENSE**—IT WAS A **DISTRACTION**, WASN'T IT?

YOU DIDN'T WANT US TO KNOW HOW BADLY YOU WERE HURT...

I'VE RUPTURED MY SPARK CASING. I'M FADING. IT HAPPENS. NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO ABOUT IT. NOT DOWN HERE.



UNLESS WE GET HIM TO A MEDIBAY **QUICKLY** HE'S NOT GOING TO **MAKE IT**. WE NEED TO GET BACK TO THE **LOST LIGHT**.

WE SHOULD GO OUTSIDE—TAKE THE FIGHT TO TARN. THE D.J.D. MUST HAVE THE MEANS TO GET OFF THIS PLANET—A TRANSMAT OR A SHUTTLE OR **SOMETHING**.

NO!

SWERVE, I KNOW I'M JUST SOME GREEN GUY WITH A TOW LINE, BUT I CAN'T STAND HERE AND LET YOU—

YES YOU **CAN!** I DON'T WANT ANYONE RISKING THEIR LIVES TO SAVE A **THREE-FINGERED LOUDMOUTH** LIKE—

MEEAARRRGH!

WE DIDN'T BRING ANY WEAPONS WITH US. WHAT'RE WE GONNA USE AGAINST TARN?

GIMME FIVE MINUTES...

"...AND I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN RUSTLE UP."

I KNOW IT'S NEITHER THE TIME NOR THE PLACE, BUT **DAMN** WE LOOK GOOD.



I THINK  
WE SHOULD  
SPLIT UP.

AGREED. KEEP  
WITHIN A 30-KLIK  
RADIUS OF THE  
SHIP AND USE THE  
COMMUNICATORS  
TO KEEP IN  
TOUCH.

IF YOU SEE  
ANYTHING, AVOID  
IT. IF ANYTHING  
SEES *YOU*,  
ATTACK IT.

FOUND  
ANYTHING?

NEGATIVE.

YOU  
ALRIGHT? YOU  
DON'T *SOUND*  
ALRIGHT.

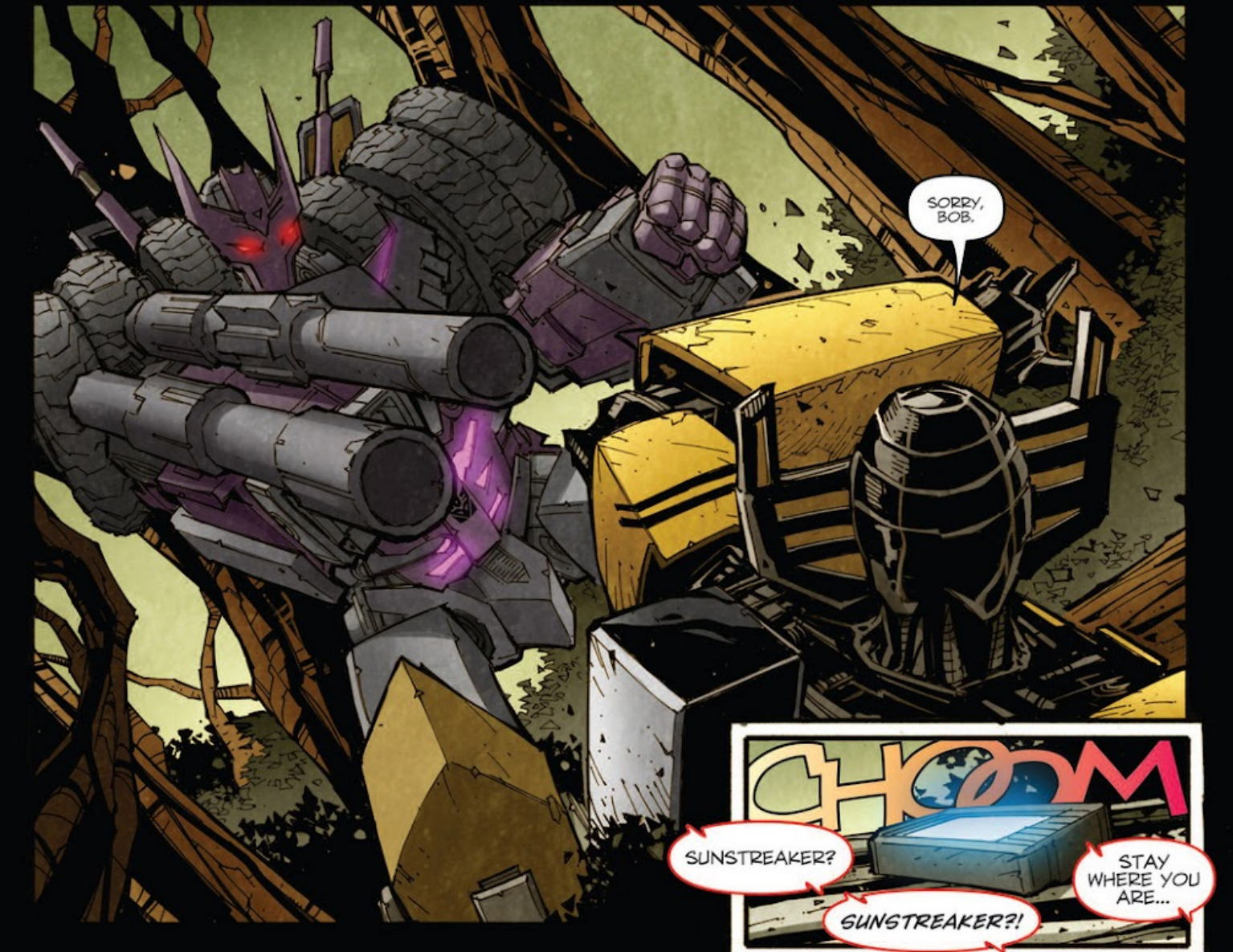
I DIDN'T  
SAY GOODBYE  
TO BOB. I WAS  
TOO BUSY  
ADMIRING  
MY—

WAKOON

UGH!

COME ON  
THEN!









"...I'M COMING!"



ALIVE. BUT  
WHERE'S—?  
AW,  
WHAT?



SHOCKWAVE?  
MEGATRON?  
OVERLORD?!  
SIXSHOT?!

WHAT ARE  
YOU—



OVERMEGASIXWAVE  
IS A BIT OF A  
MOUTHFUL.

HOW  
ABOUT WE  
JUST GO FOR  
UGLY?









PERCEPTOR!



SOMETHING IS VERY, VERY WRONG OUT THERE.

GOOD TIMING! THE LOST LIGHT JUST CALLED—THEY HAD A PROBLEM, BUT IT'S ALL SORTED NOW. THEY'RE SENDING A MEDISHUTTLE.

IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT, HOIST? WHERE'S SUNSTREAKER?

AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, EITHER. SWERVE JUST FELL UNCONSCIOUS.

I WAS ABOUT TO GET CRUSHED BY THE DECEPTICONS' TOP FOUR PSYCHOS AND THEY JUST—THEY JUST FADED AWAY!

I'M SERIOUS! MEGATRON, OVERLORD, SHOCKWAVE AND SIXSHOT—ALL OF THEM—AND THEY COMBINED!

SWERVE'S WORST NIGHTMARE. FIRST TARN, THEN THE COMBINER...

WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

I'M THINKING... THAT THIS PLANET IS PROTECTED BY A PHOBIA SHIELD.

A PHOBIA SHIELD! BRILLIANT! EXCEPT I DON'T KNOW WHAT ONE OF THOSE IS...

IT READS THE MIND OF AN INDIVIDUAL AND TRANSLATES THEIR DEEPEST FEARS INTO TANGIBLE THREATS.

"THE GALACTIC COUNCIL CREATED IT SO THAT ORGANIC RACES COULD DEFEND THEIR PLANETS AGAINST ALL OF US 'WARLIKE' CYBERTRONIANS. AND IT WORKED—UNTIL SOMEONE INVENTED ORBITAL INHIBITORS TO COUNTER THE ILLUSION...."

"THAT MUST BE WHY THE DECEPTICONS NEVER SETTLED HERE: THEY FLED AFTER BEING ATTACKED BY 'AUTOBOTS' CREATED BY THE PHOBIA SHIELD."

BUT THE DECEPTICON COMBINER EVAPORATED...

AROUND ABOUT THE TIME, NO DOUBT, THAT SWERVE PASSED OUT. THE WEAPON WAS DRAWING INSPIRATION FROM HIS WAKING MIND.

WITH SWERVE OFFLINE, I IMAGINE IT'LL LATCH ON TO YOU OR ME.





HYKK!

RRRUUMMBBLEE



YOU'RE **WRONG**, PERCEPTOR. THE PHOBIA SHIELD HASN'T LATCHED ONTO YOUR MIND, OR MINE...



"IT'S LATCHED ONTO BOB'S!"









THANK  
YOU, HOIST.  
YOU SAVED  
MY—



URGH!

THOCK



SORRY,  
PERCEPTOR—  
ALL PART OF THE  
PLAN. WITH YOU  
UNCONSCIOUS THE  
ONLY PERSON  
LEFT TO FIND  
IS—

WAAA



OOF!

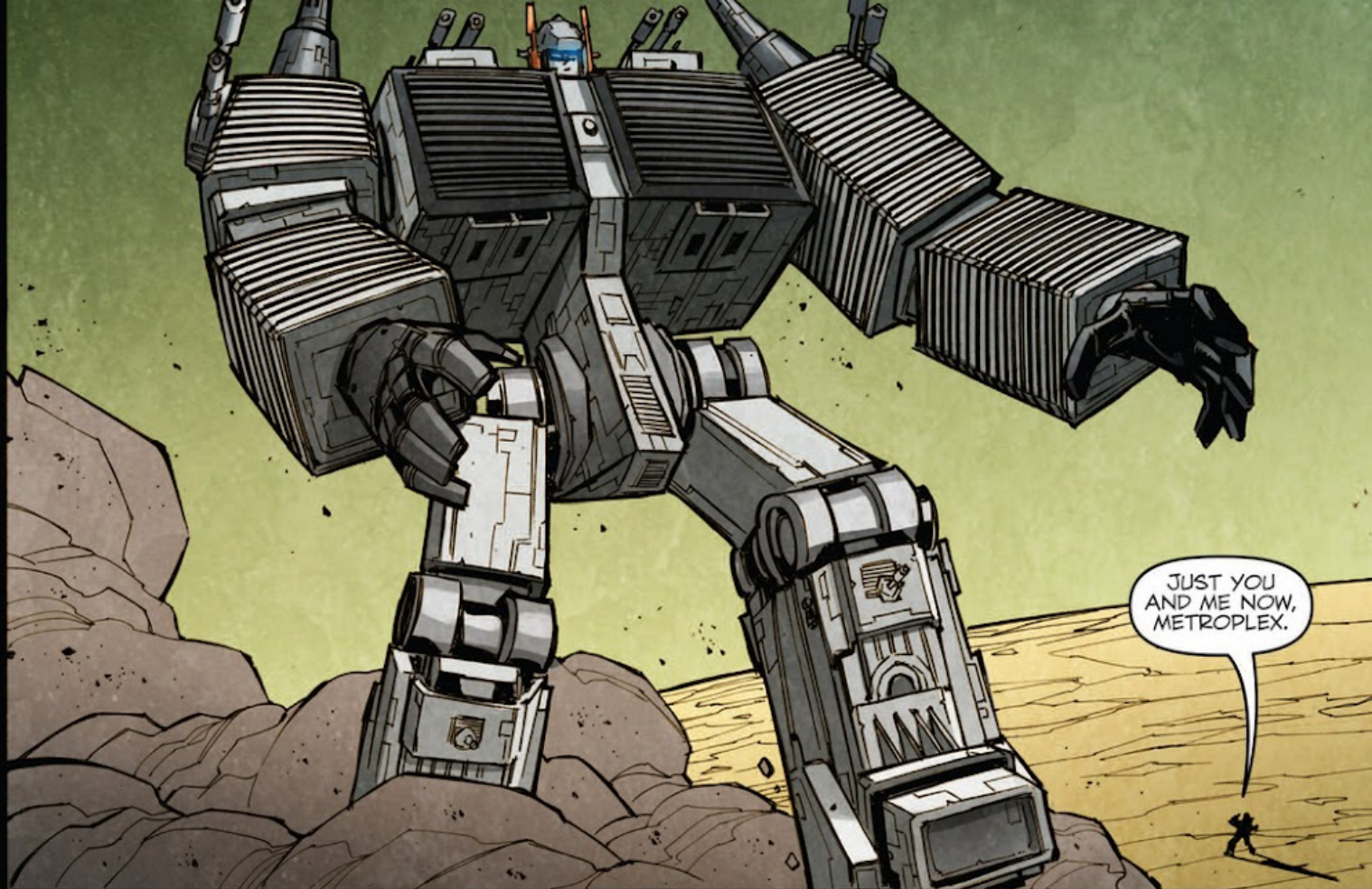
—RIGHT  
IN FRONT  
OF ME.



THUNK

NAP  
TIME,  
"BOB."





JUST YOU  
AND ME NOW,  
METROPLEX.



CORRECTION:  
JUST ME.

THE ONLY  
CONSCIOUS  
CYBERTRONIAN  
ON THE  
PLANET.



I'M ALL  
ALONE.

THERE'S NO ONE  
ELSE AROUND,  
GOOD OR BAD.

MY WORST FEAR,  
REALIZED.

